

DR. KLEIN SMID TO RE-ORGANIZE MEXICAN SCHOOL

FORMER DE PAUW UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR, NOW PRESIDENT OF UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA, HAS ACCEPTED REQUEST OF GOVERNMENT OF MEXICO

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., July 27. —Dr. Rufus Bernard Von Klein Smid, formerly associate superintendent at the Indiana Reformatory, has accepted a request of the government of Mexico to re-organize the educational system of that country, it has been learned here.

Mr. Von Klein Smid is president of the University of Arizona at Tucson, which has grown in attendance from fewer than 400 students to more than 1,300, representing forty eight states and countries during the five years Mr. Von Klein Smid has been there, it is said.

To Visit South America

Mr. Von Klein Smid has been the guest of the Mexican government at Mexico City and is now preparing to spend two months visiting several South American republics with a view to familiarizing himself with the best in their educational systems. His acceptance of the Mexican position was with the consent of the American government. John Bayrett, director general of the Pan-American Union at Washington, will give a measure of supervision to the venture. Mr. Von Klein Smid will be the directing head of a commission, other members of which will be Mexicans.

Formerly at DePauw

Dr. Von Klein Smid had been a professor at DePauw University for seven years when he went to Indiana Reformatory in August, 1912, and established a department of psychological research of which he remained the head for about three years. He was connected with the schools in Illinois his home state, several years before going to DePauw.

LENA NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. William Dobson of Terre Haute came Saturday evening to visit Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Downs.

Mr. and Mrs. Iva W. Gerriek and son Harold of Schneider returned home after a week's visit with their parents Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Vinzant.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sawyer and Miss Harriet B. Welch were the guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Gates.

The Misses Mamie and Ruth Thomas spent Sunday with their sister Mrs. Dallas Payne.

Mr. Ira W. Gerriek and Mr. Harold Vinzant spent Thursday in Greencastle.

Bert Morelan, who is working at Kokomo is here visiting his parents.

Mrs. Marie Calahan who is working at Indianapolis returned home Saturday.

Miss Freydis Cox returned to Greencastle Thursday morning after a visit with her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Murphy.

Mrs. J. O. Dickerson went Monday to visit her mother at Danville, Indiana.

The Misses Valla Turner, Velma Tyler and Mr. Raymond Tyler attended the Chautauqua at Greencastle Tuesday.

Mr. Gilbert Newton attended the carnival at Brazil Monday.

The entertainment given at M. E. church Saturday night was quite a success. The attendance was good and the program given was very creditable to all. The supper netted a neat sum for the church.

Sunday afternoon about two o'clock the little village was startled by the cry of "fire". The house occupied by Lloyd Stevens caught fire on the roof and was all ablaze. Vigorous efforts on the part of the citizens saved the building.

Mr. John Urton visited relatives at Reelsville over Sunday.

C. H. Epperson has purchased a new Ford roadster.

Thomas Danberry was seriously stung by a honey bee Sunday afternoon.

J. O. Dickerson has just finished painting his house. Quite an improvement.

SUMMER SCHOOL STUDENTS ENJOY GET TOGETHER SUPPER

The students of the DePauw summer school enjoyed a delicious supper at the Florence Hall Tuesday evening. The event was planned by Miss Johnson, director of Florence Hall and was in the nature of a get-together and farewell for the summer students who had completed their work for the summer. The evening was spent in toasts and singing and having a general good time.

SECOND NIGHT OF TENT MEETING IS LARGELY ATTENDED

The second night Tent Meeting of the Nazarene Church, Tuesday night was largely attended and those present heard a forceful sermon by Miss Martha Curry, who told of the sin—the captivity, punishment and deliverance of sinners. The meetings are being held in the tent at the corner of Poplar and Vine streets each evening and the public is cordially invited to attend.

CELEBRATE 77TH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OF MRS. RISSLER

The friends and relatives of Mrs. Louisa Rissler successfully planned and carried out a surprise dinner Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wright of Center Point in honor of Mrs. Rissler's 77th birthday anniversary.

At noon a sumptuous dinner was enjoyed.

The afternoon was spent socially and a number of readings were given by Mrs. J. Cleve Fix.

Delicious summer refreshments were served in the afternoon.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Morton Rissler and sons Harley and Otis, Mr. and Mrs. George Rissler, Mrs. Emma Aker and daughter Lulu, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Aker, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Rissler, Mr. and Mrs. Truman Neier and son Gaylord, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Rissler and son George, Mr. and Mrs. Greely Sendmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mace, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Rentschler and daughter Ruth, Leano, Mary Ellen, Mr. and Mrs. John Rissler and son Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Pollom and daughter Phyllis, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Campbell and son Rex Maston, Mr. and Mrs. Layman Hepler and daughter Lillian, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jenkins and son James, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cleve Fix and son J. Cleve, Gretchen Schall of Crawfordsville, Earl Rietzell of Virginia, Gladys Akre, Reece Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wright and sons Ray and Claude and daughter Marie and Mrs. Louise Rissler.

CORN STALK VALLEY

Myrtle Storm and sons, Lester and Harold spent Friday in Martinsville attending the carnival.

Miss Geneva Carter visited with Miss Gladys Baker Sunday.

William Newman and family visited Saturday night with Oran Buis and wife.

Myrtle Storm and sons, called on H. O. Higgins Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ethridge Buis spent Sunday with his father, W. I. Buis of Roachdale, who is ill.

The Cheerful Country Club met with Mrs. Frances Thursday afternoon.

O. M. Coffin and children, Catharine, and Edwin of Fillmore called on Oran Buis and wife Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Alice Simmons spent Saturday with her daughter, Mrs. Dorcie Kivett and daughter.

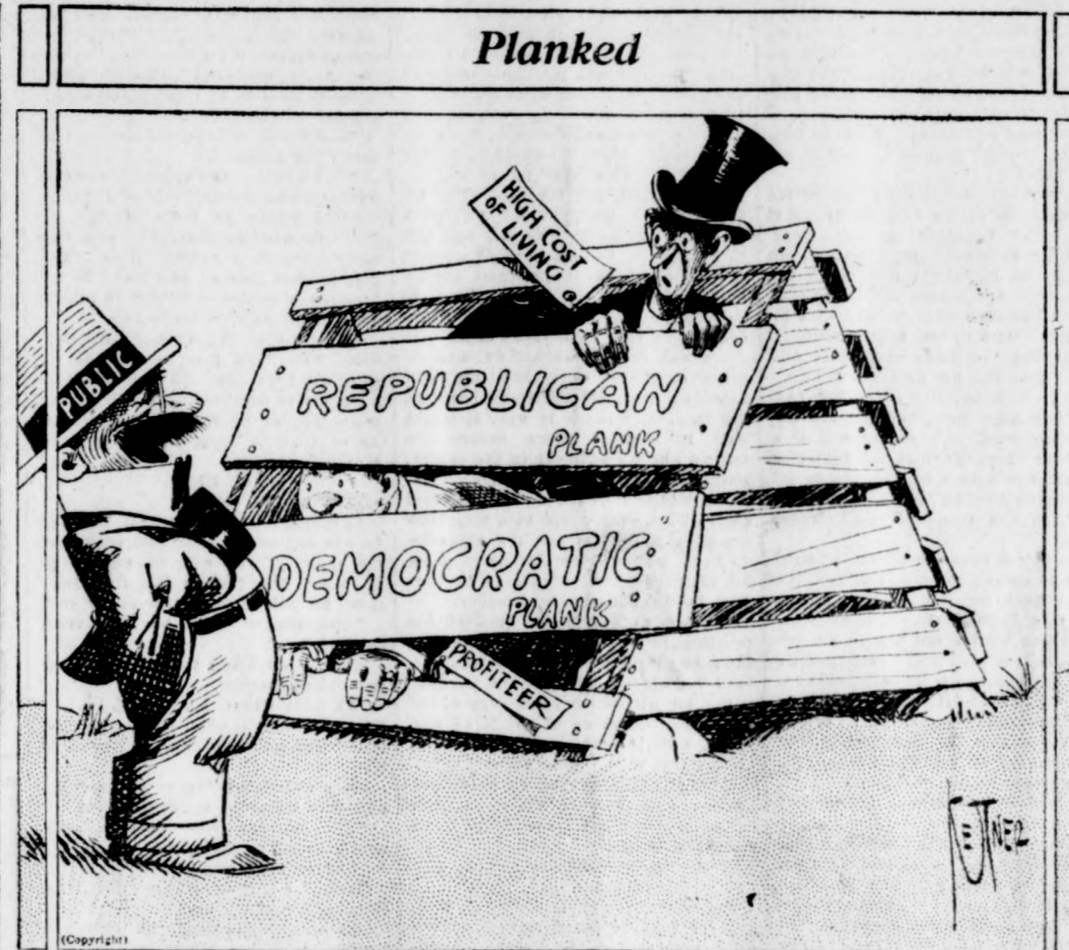
Burl Buis spent the week end with Glen Burgess and wife near Cloverdale.

Mrs. G. L. Newby of Indianapolis came Tuesday for a week's visit with Mrs. Newby's parents Mr. and Mrs. George White.

The meeting of the Twentieth Century club has been postponed to Thursday, Aug. 5th. Members will please note the change in date.

Miss Vineta Welch is visiting friends in Bainbridge.

Louis Hayes, proprietor of the C. F. Zeis & Co store, is remodeling the building. A new flour bin has been erected in the bakery, a new floor built in the bakery and the store room is now undergoing several improvements.



GREELY HOFFMAN HAS MANY GUESTS

NUMBER OF BRAZILIANS ERECT LODGE ON BANKS OF WALNUT CREEK IN PUTNAM COUNTY—"FAR FROM MADDENING CROWDS," FOLKS FIND PLEASURE IN RIVER OUTINGS

Greely Hoffman and family, farmers of Walnut Creek Valley, southwest of Reelsville, are having a host of company these days their guests being a crowd of Brazilians, who have leased a small segment of his farm bordering Walnut creek and erected a club house of ample size.

At a picnic party held on a back yard lawn early in the season, the idea was expressed that Brazilians ought to have some place where they could go in the country which they could call "home" with bathing, fishing and boating facilities and a fresh air farm for the youngsters. The party was divided into committees who started out in machines to find a suitable place. The section that visited Greely R. Hoffman, ten miles east of Brazil, made the best report and negotiations were begun for the erection of a club house.

Mr. Hoffman presented the group with an old house that stood on the north side of his farm on the Pinkley street road. This was dismantled and he erected according to the plans drawn by M. H. Johnson, Jr., a member of the group. The club house was erected by J. M. Cutshall & Sons to a point where the work could be taken over by the members themselves.

Under the direction of Carl and Rudolph Cutshall the completion of the house is being carried out. The house is some forty feet long. The rear rests on a knoll and the front is set on high walnut logs, putting it above the winter high water marks.

The main building is divided into a small kitchen equipped with a cooking stove and a large living room suitable for camping, dancing, etc. Across the whole front of the building is a screen porch where delightful breezes from the river make a pleasing contrast to the heat from the pavements. On the west side of the building is a large old fashioned fire place equipped with a crane for hanging the pots for cooking in the pioneer way. This is the work of Carl Cutshaw, although he was assisted by several volunteer hod carriers.

Underneath bathhouses for ladies and for gentlemen are to be provided. Ample parking space for autos, a bathing beach for the children, swings, etc., make the place a good play ground for the children, and some happy outing campaign parties and week end parties are anticipated.

Although the labor is a bit strenuous

for the office men of the group, a struggle is made to keep up with the pace set by the real builders among the membership. The Walnut Outing Club is the incorporated name of the organization.—Brazil Times.

WHEAT MARKET COLLAPSES

Price Drops 16 Cents a Bushel in Stampede to Unload Holdings—Financial Strain Cause.

CHICAGO, July 27.—Price breaks doubled in value in the wheat market today those of the day before. An extreme less at one time of 16 cents a bushel was the record today, as compared with 8 cents loss yesterday. Financial strain was again the chief reason ascribed.

DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH WARD IN CHICAGO; THE BODY TO ARRIVE HERE THURSDAY

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Ward for many years a resident of Greencastle, occurred in Chicago Tuesday at the home of her daughter. The body will be brought to Greencastle on Thursday, arriving here on the south bound Monon at 2:34 and taken direct to Forest Hill cemetery where the Rev. Levi Marshall will conduct short services. Mrs. Ward formerly resided in the residence now owned by Prof. E. C. Dodson on East Washington street. A son, George Ward, and the husband, each are buried in Forest Hill cemetery.

W. R. C. TO PICNIC

The members of the W. R. C. No. 23 will hold a picnic at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John McAlinden on South Jackson street Thursday evening from 5 o'clock to 8 o'clock. Each member is allowed an invited guest.

REEVES FAMILY REUNION

The Reeves Reunion will be held at McLean Springs Thursday August 5, and all relatives of the Reeves family are cordially invited to attend. Bring well filled baskets and enjoy the day.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TO HOLD PICNIC FRIDAY

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Christian church will have a picnic supper and social on the lawn of John F. Robinson on the Millmore road near the city limits Friday evening. Autos will leave the church at six o'clock. Each member is to bring a guest with luncheon for two.

Dr. H. B. Gough was the guest of the Rotary Club at its luncheon today. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Brown left today for a two weeks vacation trip to Michigan.

The death of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Trail, occurred at their home in Limesdale on Tuesday night. The funeral was today.

CONFERENCE OF OPERATORS AND MINERS

MEASURES TO RESTORE NORMAL CONDITIONS AND END PRESENT STRIKE TO BE TAKEN AT CONFERENCE URGED BY JOHN L. LEWIS, HEAD OF UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA IN TELEGRAM TO THOMAS T. BREWSTER, CHAIRMAN OF THE OPERATOR'S EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

An official request for a joint conference of coal operators and miners in the central competitive field, to apply practical measures designed to restore normal conditions and bring to an end the strikes that have broken out in the Illinois and Indiana fields was telegraphed by John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, Tuesday afternoon to Thomas T. Brewster of St. Louis, chairman of the operators executive committee.

No answer from Brewster had been received early today except acknowledgment of receipt of the Lewis telegram. A St. Louis dispatch says Brewster transmitted the Lewis telegram to the operators without recommendation.

Shortly after sending the telegram to Brewster, Lewis made a statement in which he referred to the "foolish attempts of the Illinois operators and Frank Farrington, who is president of the Illinois district of the United Mine Workers, to make a long settlement," and spoke of the "surprising and not normal activities of Farrington." Farrington is charged with disregarding the "constitutional requirements and policies of his organization," by not consulting with his superior officers.

EDWIN H. HUGHES, JR. WEDS UNIVERSITY GIRL

The marriage of Edwin Holt Hughes, Jr., son of Bishop and Mrs. Edwin Holt Hughes of Malden, Mass., and Miss Gladys Bebout of Rushville was solemnized at the home of the bride by Rev. J. H. Hughes. Edwin Holt Hughes officiated. The announcement was made here today.

Both the bride and the groom attended DePauw last year, the bride being a member of the Alpha Chi sorority.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Cord Hunter to Ralph M. Hunter, lot in Cloverdale, \$1,000.

John Cook to A. G. Brown, lot in Greencastle, \$4,800.

James M. Reeds, et al, to Urban Hedge, lot in Bainbridge.

TO ABANDON CAMP TAYLOR

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Abandonment of Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky., was announced today by the war department, with the notice that the First Division, now stationed there is to be transferred to Camp Dix, New Jersey.

EIGHT THOUSAND HOGS; PRICES 25 CTS. HIGHER

Indianapolis Receipts—Hogs 8,000; cattle 650; calves 600; sheep, 400.

Hog prices went up 25c at the opening of the market today with general sales averaging \$16.00. The top price was \$16.25. Heavyweights sold from \$14.50 to \$15.50. Pigs went at \$14.50 down. Local buyers took between 3,000 and 4,000; outsiders the rest.

Cattle were more active at steady prices; calves 50c to \$1.00 higher; sheep steady.

CLOSE OF ASSEMBLY IN SIGHT

TROUBLESOME POINTS OF DIFFERENCE ON TAX BILLS WILL BE STRAIGHTENED OUT TODAY. IT IS BELIEVED—JOINT COMMITTEE HOLD MEETINGS

INDIANAPOLIS, July 28.—Closing of the most groping and perplexed session of Indiana's general assembly within memory is now in sight, with a drive among members to have the side die adjournment declared by this evening. Whether such an event can be brought about so soon for the special meeting, which began two weeks and a half ago, depends on the ability of the conferees on two tax bills to agree and report to the house and the senate solutions that will be generally acceptable.

Troublesome points of difference among members of both houses about methods to be included in the bill to adjust conditions caused by nullification of horizontal tax assessment increases, and the bill to restore to counties control of tax levies and bond issues, were still evident when the house took up their sessions today, but leaders felt that these differences could soon be removed in such a manner that acceptable tax legislation could be had.

War Memorial Conferees

The fact that a joint conference committee on a world war memorial bill practically has agreed on a plan for the state to fix a levy, which will raise about \$2,160,000 for the memorial with St. Clair park and the grounds of the Indiana Institution for the Blind in Indianapolis as a site, and provision for co-operation by Indianapolis and Marion county in acquiring as a part of the memorial grounds the two blocks between the institution for the blind and University park, makes a considerable advance toward the session's close. The administration bill for regulating the prices and distribution of coal in Indiana which was the subject of conference debate, has now been passed by both houses.

Conferees on the tax questions began deliberations in the morning, and there were prospects that the members of the committee which is considering the amended Johnson house "home rule" bill and the Tuthill house horizontal tax rate legalization bill, which was amended in the senate by substituting what is known as the Kiper bill, would freely exchange views for the purpose of arriving at a mutual solution. Some talk is heard of combining the vital elements of the two bills and reporting out one bill, which is designed to take care of the whole situation.

1,500 IDLE IN BRAZIL FIELD

Brazil, Ind., July 28.—At least 1,500 miners in the coal field around Brazil are idle as a result of the strike of day men. All except two of the fifteen mines along the Pennsylvania railroad were down today. About 3,500 men are employed in the Brazil field.

READ THE HERALD FOR NEWS

READING BY MRS. MUNSON IS CLEVER

GREENCASTLE WOMAN IS ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED TUESDAY EVENING BY GREENCASTLE AUDIENCE—PROVES HERSELF AN EXCEPTIONAL ARTIST

Last night in the west College Auditorium, a large and enthusiastic audience heard Mrs. Vera Bowen Munson's interpretation of "Lightnin'". The entertainment was complimentary to the students of the summer session and to townspeople. In the first place, Mrs. Munson showed her fine selective skill in her cutting of the production. In the second place she gave the community again a demonstration of her power of visualization. In her depiction of atmosphere and delineation of character she showed fine keenness and penetration.

In the third place, Mrs. Munson gave another exhibition last evening of her unusual power of analysis. Here is a woman who sees the philosophy under fact; who translates characters in the terms of the universal; and who holds before an audience a mirror of individual subliminal self. Under her artistic treatment of them, we want to shake hands with old "Lightnin'"; we want to emulate the defender of the Joneses; and we want to help hang Thomas. As she compels these characters to parade their eccentricities and their foibles, the almost uncanny feeling creeps upon us that we need not look further for a picture of ourselves.

In the fourth place Mrs. Munson brings at once to bear upon her interpretations unusual talents and the results of long training; a tenacious, accurate memory; a fine grace and charm of address; a voice of large range and varied color; an articulation clean cut, distinct, but never over-nice nor affected; a quick responsiveness to the intellectual and emotional content of the literature; and a conservative yet natural physical expression well high faultless.

The appreciation of the audience was shown in the rippling laughter that ran back and forth over the house and in the frequent applause. Here's hoping that as she continues her work in the field of art she will receive the rewards she so richly deserves and here's hoping that the students and townspeople may have the opportunity of hearing her frequently.

LON MOORE, FAMOUS CLOWN, IS KILLED

DENVER, July 27.—Lon Moore, a circus clown for nearly thirty years, was instantly killed today and several companions seriously injured when an automobile in which the party was driving through Bear creek canon, about thirty miles from Denver, skidded and went over an embankment, burying the occupants.

Alonzo Moore is mentioned in the above dispatch is a Hoosier and will be remembered by many of the older Brazil citizens who saw him get his start in the circus business.

Moore lived in Brazil for several years, but started early in the circus business. He was the originator of the famous one man base ball game, which provoked laughs from coast to coast, a stunt which still brought a round of applause from the people. He was known as a producing clown and was depended on every year by the circus management to have new pranks for himself and other clowns. For several years he teamed with Fred Egner, who died suddenly in the East last year.

WYCKOFF ANNOUNCES CUT OF 14 CENTS IN SUGAR

A reduction of 14 cents a pound in the price of sugar, effective today, was announced by Stanley Wyckoff, fair price commissioner for Indiana, yesterday. This makes the retail price of sugar on the Indiana market about 25 cents a pound. The reductions in price during the last three weeks total 3 1/2 cents a pound.

HERALD WANT ADDS PAY

HERALD

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Charles J. Arnold.....Proprietor
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Facts of Thanks

Cards of Thanks are chargeable at rate of 50c each.

Obituaries

All obituaries are chargeable at the rate of \$1 for each obituary. Additional charge of 5c a line is made for all poetry.

Fruit Soups

Fruit soups are somewhat of a novelty, and are not generally seen on our American menus, but they are extensively used abroad. When one becomes accustomed to their use they will be found not only appetizing but healthful and economical as well. In the spring when one is apt to be feverish and with little appetite fruit soups are more relishable, more invigorating than those that are prepared from meat or vegetables. Fruit soups are also a corrective for constipation.

The materials are or may be available at any and all seasons of the year, and they are equally good served hot or cold, and are easily and quickly made ready to serve. As with meat and vegetables there are two kinds, thin and thick. Thin soups are made from fresh or canned fruit, canned juice, shrubs, etc. Juice left from canning may be used. One or more can be combined, making a variety. Thick soup is prepared from the pulp. Fruit soups may be served with croutons, crisp crackers, salt wafers, toasted bread or slices of bread, thickly sprinkled with pulverized or granulated sugar, then glazed in the oven.

Apple Soup—Pare and slice tart apples (not too sour), stew in plenty of water. When soft press through a sieve, and if necessary add hot water to make it the consistency of cream. Sweeten to taste, season with a dash of white pepper, a few whole cloves, a stick of cinnamon, or two or three slices of lemon. Let simmer very slowly a few minutes. Remove the seasoning before serving.

Dried Apple—Into three quarts of water put a teaspoonful of prunes or raisins or half and half of each. Cook one hour, add a teaspoonful of dried apple (chopped), which has stood in cold water overnight, a stick of cinnamon and a little fresh orange peel. When the apple is cooked soft remove the stones from the prunes, take out the cinnamon and orange peel, rub same through a fine-meshed strainer, sweeten and serve cold in summer and hot in winter.

Spring Soup—Cook plentiful in considerable water until very soft, strain through cheesecloth, sweeten, then add hot water until pleasantly acid. Serve in bouillon cups with a generous spoonful of whipped cream on the top of each cup. Soups from all the small fruits are prepared in the same way, flavoring to suit individual taste.

For thick soup from fresh berries heat the berries through in a little water to soften the texture, but do not cook them. Rub through a colander, pouring over them the water in which they were boiled during the process to obtain all the pulp possible, add hot water to make the pulp the consistency of cream. From canned fruit pour off the juice and use the pulp.

Serve with strawberry soup a few fresh berries that have stood in sugar an hour or two. It will be necessary to cook cherries. The flesh is firm and will not pass readily through a colander, or it may be served with the cherries whole. A small quantity must be used or the product will be strong, and it would have a very little thickening—a very little, remember.

Weights and Measures

George Washington stands for honesty in the minds of most people, children and grown-ups alike. And many of us are prone to think that he lived in an honest age. Probably that age was no more honest than this is, and everyone who lived then had just as much difficulty with swindlers and cheaters as have we of the present day.

Washington himself, at all events, had to keep an eye open at times to gain honest treatment. Here is an extract from a letter he wrote ordering sugar:

"Mt. Vernon, 1st Decr., 1799.

"Sir: (He ordered the sugar, and then added:) Let the cask in which it is packed be well secured—the sugar we hitherto had from you has, sometimes, fallen short in weight.

"I am, sir, your very humble servant,
G. WASHINGTON."

Well, probably as long as the world swings in its course sugar will sometimes fall short in weight. And so will other commodities. And the only way to get fair treatment is to demand it. The housekeeper who wishes to receive her money's worth of food supplies must exert herself to gain fair play. It would be an ideal thing if everyone could be trusted. In the meantime, everyone can not be trusted, and we must all weigh our sugar when we receive the same.

One way to find out whether or not try, and there weigh everything that you buy. This is a little unpleasant, of course. Nobody likes to be known as a woman who suspects all her tradesmen. But often actual measurement and weight must be made if one is to be treated fairly.

Humble Art of Dishwashing

"I wonder why I do so love to cook and yet hate the thought of washing dishes?"

I believe I can answer that question for little Mrs. Woman and the great army of her sisters who find themselves similarly inclined. The love for cooking is the creative force within you, while the hatred for dishwashing is generated by the difficulty of finding in that humble art any outlet for the force.

Everyone is born with more or less creative force. It may lie perfectly dormant for years, or it may be evident in every act. Circumstances and environment have much to do with bringing out this latent ability, but if it be there in sufficient quantity it will make itself known, no matter what the surroundings.

We will have to admit there isn't much in the act of clearing away a stack of messy dishes to stir up any latent creative ability in anyone, but it is possible to lessen the drudgery of this act. It isn't necessary to put on one's thinking cap as seriously for this operation as if one were about to solve a problem in calculus, but a little gray matter judiciously applied never did anything any harm, not even the humble art of dishwashing.

The creative mind will not be content to plod away, attending strictly to routine in any proceeding. This is the mind which will see a better way, a newer idea, or a shorter cut. This mind will first see to it that all the necessary conveniences are at hand. It will realize that two of the greatest essentials for successful dishwashing are the right kind of dish cloths and oceans of hot water.

The cheapest and best washing cloths on the market, for the better reason, are those common, knitted affairs, sold for bathroom use for five cents each. They wear a long time, keep clean and white, and can be boiled up with the other clothes every wash day. Brown linen crash, made into cloths a trifle larger than the knitted ones, are best for pots and kettles, and for drying towels the barred linen is most universally liked. If Mrs. Woman is inclined to look about her for small ways of saving pennies for her bank account she will cut up and hem all the four sacks for drying cloths. They are splendid for the china.

Now about the hot water. Never start to do up a pile of dishes with a stingy little bit of hot water. If there is no boiler to draw from, both the dishpan and the tea kettle should be filled to start with, and an extra steaming kettle filled to the brim will never come amiss. Fill all baking dishes, pots and kettles with cold water and stand them aside to soak. Pile plates and platters in order, after scraping off all grease and crumbs, and rinse out all glasses and cups.

System will be of great value in dishwashing, as in every other department of housekeeping. Wash the glassware first. Follow with the silver, next the cups and saucers, and then attack the fruit and vegetable dishes, as these are the first really greasy things. Renew the dishwater often. Water is the cheapest thin gin record, and you will feel the grease and grime less if you throw away your suds before it begins to feel the least bit thick. Take fresh, hot suds from the pot and pans always. Never neglect to dry your dishpan thoroughly, and, lastly, wash your hands carefully when you have finished. Use some fine white soap, keep a lemon in the soap dish for removing any lingering stain, and rub in some good cold cream or toilet preparation to keep the skin white and soft. A few of these simple rules carefully followed will lessen the drudgery of dishwashing more than you can know, unless you have tried them.

Take Time for Rest

As a rule, women who lead active lives are too much inclined to disregard the subject of their health. As long as they can go on with their daily round of duties they do not stop to inquire the reason why they are frequently troubled with headache, indigestion, or sleeplessness, and that they take their petty worries more to heart than was formerly the case. In fact they fail to recognize that their powers of physical endurance have a limit, and that a continual strain of mind and body cannot go on forever. A woman, whether she is burdened with social duties, home duties, or remunerative occupation, can generally, by the exercise of a little thought and management, avoid overtaxing her strength. She should remember the greater the tax on the mental and physical energies the more need there is for sufficient rest, not only in the form of sleep, but in such recreation as will divert her thoughts into another channel, and produce a sense of invigoration.

Health Notes

A mustard plaster will not blister if the part to be plastered is first rubbed with vaseline and a coating left on the skin.

A common cause for restlessness at night is found in cold feet, and these should be especially guarded against with children who are prone to suffer in this way. Hot water bottles, carefully covered with felt so that there is no risk of burning the sensitive skin, should be resorted to when any tendency to cold feet exists, and in cases of chilly babies generally. Cold is extremely bad for little children, and much broken sleep is due simply to it.

On The Floor

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By THEODORE ROBERTS

It began on the ice and it ended on the ice—and it began fully twenty years before it ended. The way the emnity between Pat Wallace and Corney Morris began need be treated only briefly, for it is ancient history from Dipper Bay to Foxtrap. In those days sailing vessels were still used in the seal fishery.

Corney Morris was a member of the sealing crew of the brig Lucky, and Pat Wallen belonged to the topsail-schooner Princess. Both vessels got among the ice and the seals at the same hour and within a mile of each other. The men went far and wide on the great floes of ice, killing sculping and towing the loads of blubber and skin. They did not drag the pelts all the way back to their ships, but panned them here and there on the ice, to be collected and put aboard at a less busy time. Each pan of seal skins was marked with a flag for the vessel it belonged to—the flags of the Lucky were red and those of the Princess green.

Just before sunset a change of wind began to spread the floe, and the men started back for their ships. It was then that Corney Morris came upon Pat Wallen with a red flag in his left hand and with his right setting up a green flag over a pan of pelts. That is what Corney Morris said and maintained for twenty years. He swore up and down, that he had caught Pat Wallen trying to rob the Lucky of a fine heap of blubber and skin.

Pat Wallen, of course, could explain it—which he did, and continued to do for twenty years. His story was that he had picked up one of the red flags from the ice, where it had been accidentally dropped by a member of the brig's crew, and that he chanced to have it in his hand—bad cess to the thing!—when he stopped to set up the green flag that had been toppled over by the wind.

At the time, however, neither said very much; but they fought with hands and feet until they were separated by their comrades. That is how the enmity began between two well-behaved, middle-aged men who had been friends for years. And, as had been said, the bad blood between them lasted for twenty years, though they lived within four miles of each other—Morris in Dipper Bay and Wallen in Riggers Cove, to the northward.

Little lads grew up into burly men, and the wooden vessels left the spring sealing to great iron steamships. These steamers all put out from St. John's and Harbor Grace on the morning of the opening of 'the brief season for killing the seals from Greenland. And the lads who had grown to be burly men tramped to these ports from all the little outposts to get berths on the ice. But the old fellows, like Corney Morris and Pat Wallen, remained at home, for the new way of sealing was harder, as well as less profitable.

Sometimes, however, there was a little easy sealing to be done by the stay-at-homes. A few harbor seals would haul out and bask on the ice, perhaps, or fragments of the great floes on which the hoods and harps were breeding would touch the shores of the near-eastern bays.

One morning when Pat Wallen opened his door he saw that the floe had drifted in during the night and now lay along the anchored shore ice. Far and wide over those thousands of acres of ice were dotted tens of thousands of black specks and specks of a yellowish white color. The black specks were old seals and the sulfur-tinted were young seals, or whitecoats. The sight fired Pat's rustling energies and set the lust of easy gain steaming in his blood. He hustled his wife, his two married daughters and his four grandchildren out of their blankets, and drove them to get breakfast. He cleaned his six-foot sealing gun, filled powder-flask and bullet-pouch, and hunted up his towline, bat and sculping knife. The bat is a heavy wooden club with which the sealers kill their victims by a blow over the nose.

Armed to the teeth, Pat Wallen set out after the distant herds. The morning was fine, and what little wind there was blew shoreward. Three boys accompanied him for about a quarter of a mile; but on reaching the edge of the shore-ice, where the unanchored floe ground restlessly, he told them not to come any farther, and left them strolling the scattered and wary harbor seals.

Pat Wallen got among the Greenland seals at last and set briskly to work. There were many cracks in the floe, however, and the old seals soon took warning of the dangerous ice and began to hustle themselves and their foolish babies off the ice. Pat lost his temper entirely at the poor seals. It seemed to him that in the old days the creatures had lain quiet to be decently killed. As the nearer ones hopped into the water and dived beneath the ice, Pat rushed seaward across the floe, striking here and there, but always hastening on in the greedy hope of getting into the thick of the herds at last. He had left his gun on the shore-ice for the boys to use, and so, traveling light, he was a long way from the cabins of Riggers Cove before he gave the matter of his position any serious thought.

The thing that brought it to his mind was a puff of off-shore wind. When he felt that he glanced swiftly

round, then ceased his work with the bat and set quickly to sculping the seals he had already killed. Beginning at the outer edge of the field of his operations, he worked steadily but slowly shoreward, dragging the pelts after him in his towline. Caution told him to let the pelts and the dead seals lie and run for the shore-ice; but greed held him to the work of skinning and towing. At last he ran—but then it was too late.

The great floe was drifting again and slowly separating into thousands of pans, large and small. By the time Pat reached the inner edge of the floe a channel of open water over fifty yards in width lay between him and the outer edge of the shore-ice. Like many another dweller on the coast, Pat Wallen could not swim.

Pat shouted; but the wind blew too freshly from the land for his voice to carry against it. The lads had left the shore-ice, having wearied quickly of the chase of the spotted harbor seals. Already the little village, in its cuplike haven, was shut from the castaway's view by a rocky cape.

He was in a desperate fix, and no mistake. If he only had his gun now he'd soon let the folks know of his trouble; but, as it was, it might well be several hours before the women and the children in the cabins, sitting snug over the little boy stoves, would notice that the floe had drifted away. Then they would be a long time dragging a skiff across the shore-ice to open water. How far away from his little harbor he should be by that time he did not care to consider.

As soon as Pat Wallen realized his position he commenced preparations for a lengthy stay on the ice. He ran back for his tow of pelts and brought it to a big pan on the inner edge of the floe. The fragments of ice, large and small, still lay fairly close together. He brought in the pelts without much difficulty; but in getting an unsculped carcass from farther afield, he was forced to make some desperate leaps from pan to pan.

II

An hour passed, bright and cold, and the floe continued to drift southward, very slowly, and always spreading and spreading its white rafters abroad on the gray water. Pat Wallen's pan, guided and held by a coastwise current, kept to its course at a distance of about three hundred yards from the shore-ice. The castaway sat on three blubbery pelts, spread flat, with a fourth over his knees and several more and the unskinned carcass at his back. He smoked his pipe and gazed reflectively at the steel-gray sea, the gray and brown rocks and the white hills beyond.

A second hour passed as bright as the first, but a trifle colder.

"I'll just be makin' a bit o' fire, for I'll be off Dipper Bay afore long," remarked Pat to the needless elements.

On one of the pelts he started a tiny fire, first building it with shaving cut from the handle of his bat, and adding to these, when they were well alight, narrow strips of blubber. It sent a thin stream of black smoke aloft.

"Bedad, they'll think the coasting steamer be a puttin' in on 'em!" remarked Pat, squinting up at his pillar of smoke.

Then a happy idea came to him. He cut off and skinned a fat flipper and began to broil it at the fire. But the fire was small and the flipper was big, and the cooking promised to be a lengthy undertaking.

While he was broiling the flipper out there on the drifting ice-pan, the smoke of his blubber-fed fire was sighted by the inhabitants of Dipper Bay. Now, Dipper Bay is not a bay at all, but a tiny cove with a settlement of only six houses above its landwash. The able-bodied men of the place, eight in number, were all away with the sealing fleet, so it fell to the lot of old Corney Morris to put out of the cove and rescue the man on the ice.

Corney had such rheumatism in his legs that he could scarcely walk. The castaway might be a relative or friend, or he might be a stranger, or even an enemy; but whoever he was, his smoke signal had to be answered. Had Corney's rheumatism been a little more severe or his heart a little less robust, still would a boat have gone out to the ice. There was not a woman in the harbor, from old Mother McCorney to Kate Morris Corney's eldest grandchild, who would not have pulled out in the bitter wind to rescue the unknown on the floe if need were. But Corney was a proud old lad, in spite of his stiff legs, and was determined to take the skiff out by himself, though he was glad enough of the women's help in getting the skiff across the shore-ice and into the water.

Corney groaned as he seated himself and whacked the heavy oars into their places between the thole pins. "Maybe I'd best take a nip of this here afore I starts to break my back," he remarked tentatively.

"That ye had, skipper. Sure, 'twill warm the heart o' ye again the desperate cold wind," replied one of the women.

So Corney drew forth the bottle of spirits which his wife had put in his pocket for the reviving of the castaway, uncorked it and tipped it high. "Ye'd best leave a taste for the poor feller on the ice, grandfather," said Kate Morris.

With dignity and in silence Corney corked the bottle and returned it to his pocket, grasped the oars and pulled seaward. "Twas all in a day's work—a nip of rum or saving a man from the drifting ice. In either case the opportunity must be seized promptly and in a courageous manner."

Old Corney Morris pulled on the heavy oars in silence, glancing over his shoulder every minute or so.

Old Pat Wallen watched the approaching skiff in a silence as complete as Corney's though he was mightily relieved at the sight. They were not the kind to shout when there was no need of shouting. Corney continued his slow but even stroke; and Pat continued to toast the flipper, hopeful that it would be fit to take a bite out of before the arrival of his rescuer.

The skiff was within ten yards of the ice before either of the men recognized the other. Pat let the fragrant flipper drop into the fire and lie there unheeded. Corney pulled close to the pan, and then faced square around on the thwart.

"Pat Wallen, will ye tell me the truth now?" he asked.

"'Tis bin tellin' ye the truth for twenty year, Corney Morris," replied Pat.

"If I leaves ye there on the ice, 'twill be what ye deserves," said Corney. Then in a gentler voice: "Pat, b'y, confess that ye was tryin' to rob that pan o' swiles, an' I take ye aboard an' pull ye safe to Dipper Bay."

"Away wid ye, Corney Morris!" cried Pat. "Did I ax ye to take me offen tis here pan? I'll bide here till I starves to deat' wid cold and hunger afore I'll let ye make a liar o' me. Ye've tried it long enough, Corney Morris."

III

Corney pushed his fur cap high up on the top of his head and scratched his scalp. Then, with an expression of heavy thought on his mahogany face, he pulled in to the heavy pan. "Step aboard," said he in a voice dead as wood.

Pat Wallen lifted the scorched flipper out of the fire.

"I'll bide where I be," said he. "I'll not be took offen the ice by any man what lays the name o' liar onto me."

He mended the fire very carefully, and then began to eat the flipper.

"The current sets east a mile south o' here," remarked Corney. "Let her set," replied Pat.

"Ye'll be a dead corpse this time tomorrow," said Corney.

Pat went on eating the scorched flipper. A minute passed in silence—a slow, cold minute. Corney's rheumatism began to gnaw at his poor bones.

"Come aboard wid ye, an' don't be a fool, Pat Wallen!" he cried.

"I'll bide where I be till ye takes the name o' liar offen me," replied Pat.

The other knew that he meant it, for Pat Wallen's name for pig headedness was known up and down the coast.

"I'll say as how I don't be 'tinkin' ye a liar any more, Pat Wallen," said Corney. "An' may the saints forgive me the lie," he whispered in his ward.

Pat did not hear the whisper. With a shout of joy, he began pitching the pelts, the dead seal, and even the scorched flipper into the skiff. The moment his feet were across the gunwale he caught one of Corney's hard hands in both of his.

"Tank 'e for that good word, b'y!" he cried. "I knowed if ye once seed I was in the right o' the matter yer admit it like a man. Now my heart be's light, b'y! Little I cared what some folks named me—but 'tis bin wantin' for ye to believe me, Corney, these twenty years past."

Corney Morris withdrew his hand from the other's grasp, and, without a word, began rowing steadily for the harbor. The shadow of heavy thought was still on his eyes, like a mask. Once or twice glanced up at Pat's radiant face.

Suddenly, when the skiff was within a few yards of the shore-ice and the waiting women, he ceased his rowing. The shadow was gone from the mahogany visage.

"Lad, I believes ye! I do, honest—so help me, Peter!" he cried. "What twenty years couldn't larn me, I's seed this very minute in a glance o' yer eyes."

He slapped his hands heartily on Pat's knees. Then he drew the bottle from his pocket.

"Ye've been driftin' on the ice, b'y, an' ye needs revivin'," he said. "If ye don't revive now, I'll not answer for ye gettin' a chanct to do it ashore." Then, turning his head: "Aye, Kate, we'll be wid ye in two winks. It be's Pat Wallen I's rescued—old, innocent friend, Pat Wallen!"

HE WOULD REPEAT

Mrs. Jordan had "ideas" on the way children should be reared. Her young hopeful, Tommy, caused her a little anxiety in this respect. Now and again, therefore, a serious "politeness" lecture was administered.

"Now, Tommy dear," she started

"supposing you accidentally stepped upon a gentleman's foot, what would you say?"

"I would say 'Beg your pardon!'"

"That's my own little son!" smiled the pleased mother. "And if the gentleman gave you a penny for your politeness what would you say?"

The innocent look passed from Tommy's eyes as he quickly answered:

"Why, I would stand on the other foot and say 'Beg pardon!' again, of course."

In the Old Days

"Well, say!" exclaimed young Bulstrode, "I didn't know that every member of the family throughout the whole country had to approve of me before the wedding could come off. Hang it! I'm only marrying one girl!"

"My son," said old man Bulstrode, "getting married is altogether too easy these days. You should be required to pass a more rigid inspection than you do under existing conditions."

"In my day when a young man asked a young woman to marry him and she consented that was only the beginning. He had to journey from one end of the country to the other, meeting her relatives and being polite. He had to drive over the hills and far away to some old girl's abode and then sit on the edge of a chair and wait for her, for she was usually as deaf as a post."

"The old girl would probably start something like this:

"Are you a good young man?"

"Then she'd put her hands up to her ears and the matrimonial aspirant would yell for the benefit of the neighbors: 'Yes, pretty good, I thank you!'"

"What church do you go to?" would be her next interrogation.

"I forget what is the name of mother's church!"

"It was lucky if the young man couldn't remember the name of his mother's church, for there would be certain to be objections on that score if he did remember."

"What did you say your name was?" she would ask.

"Binks, B-I-n-k-s-I!"

"Not the Binkses of Ridgetown?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never knew any good of any Ridgetown Binks!"

"Such examinations were enough to make a young man stop and think. Every once in a while a bridegroom would flunk out in those days. I knew a fellow who, after he had called on forty-seven of the girl's aunts, not one of whom liked his family or his religion or the cut of his jib, on being told that there were sixteen more aunts of the same style, gave up the campaign and quit."

"One of the forty-seven had asked: 'Are you the young Binks that cut up so scandalous with Mandy Biggs last summer?'"

"Another had inquired: 'You ain't the young Binks that's always fighting and getting blooded up, are you? Are you the young fellow I heard hollering 'Nuff!' over on the lot when another fellow was mauling you there the other Saturday? Are you him?'"

"Another had asked: 'You ain't the young Binks I been hearin' so much about, tearin' around with a bulldog and at chicken fights on Sunday—'"

"That'll do dad!" interrupted young Bulstrode. "I don't see how anybody ever did get married in the old days unless the desperate young fellow ran away with the girl."

Two of a Kind.

In a certain Cincinnati theater the house physician receives a seat for each performance, since he is supposed to be on hand each evening.

Naturally, the plays sometimes pull on the doctor, and he longs for a change—hence this story.

One evening a stage hand, hastily ran to the front and down the aisle to the doctor's seat. He whispered in the ear of the occupant, "Hurry back at once, Doc. The leading lady has had an attack." The man in the seat followed the stage man somewhat reluctantly.

"In the dressing-room of the leading lady, Doctor!" waited one of the actresses, wringing her hands.

"Have you poured water on her head?" solemnly asked the doctor.

"Yes; a whole bucketful—but in our excitement we got hold of the one marked 'Not to be used except in case of fire.'"

"I fear you have made a fatal error," said the doctor. Then he scribbled something on a bit of paper. "Take this to the drugstore and get it filled." When the leading lady found herself alone with the doctor, she opened her eyes. "Doctor," she gasped, "you're a good fellow, aren't you? I know you are aware that there's nothing the matter with me. I want a day off, and I don't want to go on in this act. Can you fix it?"

"You bet I can," said the doctor, wringing her hand sympathetically. "I ain't no doctor. I came in on his ticket."

Wanted a Receipt.

Blackstone is a lawyer of the old school and has a well-deserved reputation for good heartedness that keeps him poor. He was recently imposed upon by the town's most successful miser, one Scruggins, who placed troublesome legal work in his hands. As the time came for settlement Scruggins hemmed and hawed and manifested all the symptoms of being in acute pain over having to pay a just debt.

The lawyer's sunny good nature again asserted itself.

"I won't charge you anything for my services," he said.

Scruggins peered sharply through his bushy eyebrows.

"Well, I'd like to have a receipt, anyhow," he snarled.

A new automobile wind shield is divided in half so that one section can be swung down to lessen the air resistance when but a single person is using a car.

BIG FARM LOSS LAID TO DOGS

AGRICULTURAL DEPT SAYS IF MENACE WERE REMOVED FARMERS WOULD REGAIN THIS SUM.

CAUSE OF DECREASE IN FLOCKS

Raisers Do Not Like to Risk the Heavy Losses; Drastic Remedies Are Suggested.

Washington.—The department of agriculture, in a statement, indicates that the sheep-killing dog is a greater menace now than ever before, and that if he could be destroyed it would mean at least \$144,267,000 in the pockets of farmers of this country. It is suggested by an expert of the department that the increase would be nearer \$500,000.

"The number of sheep in 36 farm states, which do not include any in the western division, could be increased by 150 per cent, it is estimated, without displacing other live stock," asserts the office of information of the department of agriculture.

Some authorities believe that the increase could be even as much as 500 per cent without serious interference with the number of other animals. An increase of 150 per cent in these 36 states would mean in money \$144,267,000. In a new publication of the department, Farmers' Bulletin 652, the responsibility for this loss to the country is laid upon the sheep-killing dog.

Sheep-killing dogs, it is said, are the principal cause of the marked decrease in the number of sheep on American farms.

Favorable though the market conditions were, they were not a sufficient incentive to induce farmers to risk the heavy losses from stray dogs.

If the dog question could be satisfactorily disposed of, there seems to be no reason why the number of sheep in the country could not be increased to the extent already indicated. In Great Britain there is one sheep or lamb for each 2.5 acres of the total area. In the 36 farm states in this country there is one sheep or lamb for each 31.8 acres. The British farmer handles his land on an intensive basis and feeds his sheep on forage-crop pasture. Such pastures not only increase the fertility of the land but also free the sheep from many internal parasites contracted through grazing upon permanent pastures.

In particular the use of the most prevalent and disastrous scourges of young stock, and will enable the farmer to market by the end of June or the first of July, when market prices are usually the highest, the lambs that were born in the late winter or early spring.

Handled under such conditions and on high-priced farm land, the importance of a small flock of sheep cannot be overlooked.

In addition to pointing out these facts, the bulletin discusses the possible means of preventing in the future the loss from dogs. At the present time the various state laws on this subject differ widely, some states using the money obtained from dog licenses to reimburse sheep owners, while others permit the sheepmen to recover damages from the dog owners, and two offer them no recourse whatever.

Dogs, however, are very seldom caught in the act of killing sheep. It is always difficult to determine their owners, and where the damages are paid by the state directly from the dog-tax funds the money very frequently is far from sufficient to meet all the claims.

A remedy that is suggested for this situation is a uniform state dog law embodying the principle of a tax upon dogs sufficiently heavy to discourage those who are not willing to take care of their pets from keeping them. Under this plan all dogs over six months of age must be licensed each year, the tax paid at the time of licensing and a metal tag bearing the license number attached to the dog's collar.

Any dog found without this tag unattended and off its owner's premises, under this plan, may be killed. When found unattended on a farm where sheep are kept the dog may be killed whether it has the tag or not, and under any circumstances a dog caught chasing or killing sheep may be killed.

All dogs which can be proved to be sheep killers, under the suggested plan, must be killed whether caught in the act or not, and a reward of \$15 should be offered for anyone identifying a sheep-killing dog. The money received from dog taxes should be devoted to reimbursing sheep owners for their loss of stock, and the county should in turn recover this money whenever possible from the dog's owners. A special license should be issued for kennels where large numbers of dogs are maintained under such conditions that they cannot possibly do any harm to neighboring flocks.

There's nothing beats the old-fashioned tintype if you want a truthful picture of yourself.

A wise woman refuses to ask her husband to accompany her to church if he talks in his sleep.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Ida Wallace of Miami, Fla., is here the guest of Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Wood, at their farm near Reelsville. Master Theodore Wilson of Indianapolis also is a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Wood.

Miss Muriel Lisby of Shelbyville, Ky. is here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Lisby and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. Charles Gambold and son, Willard of Coatesville were here today to visit with Mr. Gambold who is manager of the Hurst & Co. store.

Mr. and Mrs. George Long and daughter have returned home from a visit with Mr. Longs brother and family in Clinton, Iowa.

Miss Louise Lucas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Lucas has gone to Bloomington for a visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva J. Cox are taking a trip through the East and are visiting a number of places of interest. They will be gone for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Abrams and son, Marshall Abrams and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Denman will leave Sunday in the Abrams car for Lake Manitou, near Rochester, Indiana, for a two week's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cannon are at home after a visit with relatives in Rome City and Rushville, Indiana.

Mrs. Charles W. Martin and daughters have gone to Niles, Ohio for a visit of several days with relatives.

Mrs. F. C. Jackson and son of Plainfield are visiting this week with Mrs. Jackson's parents, Dr. and Mrs. M. F. Brackney.

Mrs. Edwina Post and daughter, Miss Ruth Post and Mrs. William Blanchard were in Indianapolis today.

Joe Hammond went to Indianapolis today to undergo an operation on his jaw bone. An infection of the jaw bone has caused Mr. Hammond much trouble recently.

Reese Matson, of Rochester, Pa., is expected here Sunday for a visit with friends and relatives. Mr. Matson formerly resided in Greencastle. Now he is connected with a large ship yard in Chester.

Miss Louise Lucas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Lucas, is visiting relatives in Bloomington.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Tucker are expected home this evening from a four weeks visit in Minnesota.

Miss Belle Hanna returned from Indianapolis where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Berryhill. Mrs. Berryhill is a sister of Miss Hanna.

Mrs. Jennie Smyth was in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Frank Donner was in Indianapolis today.

Mr. and Mrs. Kim Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gardner and Mrs. Charles Donohue and children drove to El River falls Tuesday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Long and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jackson who are camping there. On Tuesday Mr. Long caught a 15 pound cat fish.

The condition of Claire Bittles, who is ill in the Methodist hospital in Indianapolis, is reported today to be critical. Mr. Bittles who recently was operated upon for an abscess over the left eye is threatened with spinal meningitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Crit Holland of Cadillac, Michigan, are here the guests of Jess Hamrick and other relatives and friends. Mr. Holland formerly resided in this country.

E. A. Neier of Mill Creek township was in this city today on business.

I. O. O. F. NOTICE

Members of Greencastle Lodge No. 348 meeting tonight in regular session.

E. MUGG, N. G.
R. S. FISHER, SEC.

TWO POULTRY CULLING

DEMONSTRATIONS FRIDAY

Two poultry culling demonstrations have been arranged for Friday, July 30 by County Agent Charles Jackson. One demonstration will be held at the farm of H. O. Batman northwest of Bainbridge at 9 o'clock and the other

will be held at the State Penal Farm at 2 o'clock. All persons interested in poultry are invited to come. Robert K. Kyle of Purdue University will have charge of the demonstrations.

FEW MORE MINES IN STATE FIELD CLOSED

INDIANA SITUATION

District Mines closed Men reported out.

Bicknell	14	3,500	to 4,000
Sullivan	22	2,500	
Brazil	13	1,500	
Linton	25	5,000	

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., July 28.—Although a few more mines in the central Indiana competitive coal field closed today the situation remained about the same as yesterday. No disorder has been reported and in most regions the miners insist that they are not on a strike. They say they have "quit". Both the Mine Workers' officials and the operators are reluctant about giving out figures and estimates on the number of men idle run from 7,000 to 22,000.

TAYLOR-ROBERTS CONCERT AT FILLMORE CHURCH SATURDAY

Frank Roberts, Jr., and Robert Taylor of the Taylor-Roberts Concert Company will give a concert at the Fillmore Church Saturday night. The entertainment will be given under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Fillmore church.

Companionable

"There is no use denying it, all animals crave and desire human companionship," said Muschler. "There is something pathetic about it, too. 'Every time I see a dog or a cat being chased home by a bunch of kids I feel sorry for the creature. The poor thing is all affection and wants to be with the bunch. He thinks he belongs with them. But it is 'Go home, Jack!' to the dog, 'Go home, sir!' usually emphasized with stones and sticks."

"Yes," answered Pilbert, "but dogs and cats are always more insistent when it is some place where you can't possibly take them. Suppose we all took our dogs and cats with us wherever we went. Wouldn't this be a fierce world? How would you ever hear the preacher's sermon? If we all took our pets with us the dentist's office would be so full of fur and feathers that we wouldn't be able to see."

"Fur, but not feathers." "Yes, feathers. Birds and fowls are just as affectionate as dogs and cats, but they don't get much of a show."

"Consider the chicken. The chicken is very fond of human companionship. The hen will come right into the midst of the family if she gets the chance. It is her instinct to do so. There is something that draws her."

"We are presented with a hen once and we put her in an improvised box to keep her until Sunday, when we were to have her for dinner. We had a number of guests at the house that very day."

"But there was no way of keeping that hen in the coop. She got out in spite of all we could do. She got out and came strolling into the dining-room with her head on one side, as much as to say: 'Having quite a little fun in here, I see! I guess I'll join you. I suppose that since I have arrived the party is complete.'"

"Then we all chased the chicken." "Guests, too?" "Why, yes. We explained to the guests that the chicken was for dinner Sunday, and you bet they helped chase their dinner. They were interested in seeing her captured. The hen enjoyed the little game of tag very much."

"The hen, having been driven out of the house, went under it. And there she stayed. There were no guests thin enough to crawl under after her. Some boys came along after a while and drove her still farther under the house. Finally one boy crawled under after her and shot her with my revolver."

"The guests were sitting around the dining-room fire talking about bombs when the boy fired on the hen right under them. Two fainting and three dislocated themselves when the explosion occurred."

"That hen had gotten under the dining-room, where she could hear the conversation and participate in it. That's how I happen to know that birds love human companionship."

Modest Hint

They were at tea near the college grounds, she quite pretty and engaging despite the fact that she was in Teachers' College and he an earnest student of the law. They had gone quite far along the pleasant road of romance. He inquired what degree she pursued.

"I aspire to be a M. R. S.," she replied, demurely.

"I dare say it's hard," he answered, absent-mindedly. Hours afterward, under the green-shaded light in his own room, it all came to him suddenly.

Classified Ads

Every pair of low shoes in our store at a great reduction. Christies.

Meet Me At Christies

FARM LOANS—Plenty of money Brown & Moffett.

WANTED TO RENT—House in or near Greencastle. Small family. Permanent tenant if suitable place. Would consider small acreage. John R. Hand 1042 Van Euren street, South Bend, Indiana.

Architect, Contractor and Landscape Gardening. W. H. Evans, Greencastle, Indiana.

Every pair of low shoes in our store at a great reduction. Christies.

Meet Me At CHRISTIE'S.

GIRL WANTED:—For general house work—No Washing or Ironing—Telephone 96. Maude Bridges.

PUBLIC SALES:—We are now booking fall sales. See us early for your date. Dobbs & Vestal. Office over Central Nat'l Bank. Residence phones 168 & 771. Office Phone 179.

FOR SALE:—One 1920 Ford Truck, six cord tires—shock absorbers. Stock body—Christie Thomas Auto Sales Co.

REAL ESTATE:—List your farm and city property with Carpenter and Stringer. Office over Central National Bank. Phone 500.

"I Wouldn't Go Camping Without Rat-Snap." Says Ray White

"We and I spent our vacation camping last summer, smell of cooking brought rats. We went to town, got some RAT SNAP, broke up cakes put it outside our tent. We got the rats alright—big fellows." Farmers, storekeepers, housewives, should use RAT SNAP. Three sizes. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by R. P. Mullins, John Cook & Sons, J. Sudranski & Co.

FOR RENT:—Two rooms down stairs and three upstairs. 303 North Jackson street.

You Guard Against Burglars. Buy What About Rats?

Rats steal millions of dollars worth of grain, chickens, eggs, etc. Destroy property and are a menace to health. If you are troubled with rats, try RAT SNAP. It will surely kill them—prevents odors. Cats or dogs won't touch it. Comes in cakes. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Sons, and R. P. Mullins.

After Four Years

Greencastle Testimony Remains Unshaken

Time is the best test of truth. Here is a Greencastle story that has stood the test of time. It is a story with a point which will come straight home to many of us.

Mrs. J. E. Skelton, 314 N. Madison St., Greencastle, says: "I have used Doan's Kidneys pills off and on for some time and by doing so have kept my kidneys in good shape. Before using them I had a week back. It ached almost constantly and I was bothered with a headache and dizzy spells as well as other common symptoms of kidney trouble. A box is always sufficient to drive away any signs of the trouble and it has now been some time since I have felt any need of them." Statement given Oct. 5, 1915.

On October 5, 1919 Mrs. Skelton said: I very gladly confirm the statement I gave in 1915 recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's are my standard kidney remedy and taking just a few of them occasionally keeps me feeling fine."

60c at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

A commercial traveler had taken a large order up in Aberdeen and endeavored to impress upon the canny Scottish manager who had given the order a box of Havana cigars.

"Now," he replied. "Don't try to bribe a man. I cudna tak them—and I am a member of the kirk!"

"But will you accept them as a present?"

"I cudna," said the Scot.

"Well, then," said the traveler, "suppose I sell you the cigars for a merely nominal sum—say sixpence?"

"Weel, in that case," replied the Scot, "since you press me, and not liking tae refuse an offer weel meant, I think I'll be taking two boxes."



DURING THE SUMMER WEATHER

all of us experience at times a certain laxness, a decided distaste for anything strenuous.

It is a good thing to remember that money in the bank loses none of its activity. The hottest day of summer and the coldest day in winter it works equally hard.

When the weather is trying use the mails to do your banking. Keep your dollars working for you.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Greencastle, Indiana.FOR SERVICE
TRAVEL AND SHIP YOUR FREIGHT

...via...

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANAPOLIS & EASTERN TRACTION
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Local and interline less car load and car load shipments to all points reached by Traction lines in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and Michigan.

Hourly Local Express Service
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Passenger cars equipped with double windows insuring to patrons a dependable service.

For rates and further information see local T. H. I. & E. agent or address Traffic Department, 208 Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

High School Auditorium
Wednesday, July 28

TOM MIX

In a romance of a "Hard-boiled Tenderfoot"

"The Daredevil"

This is a thrilling story of Western life
Mix at his best

MUTT & JEFF in "Bitter or Verse"

Two Shows: 7:00 and 8:30 Admission 15c

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"How I Cleared The Mill Of Rats," By J. Tucker, R. I.

"As night watchman, believe I have seen more rats than any man. Dogs wouldn't dare go near them. Got \$1. pkg. of RAT SNAP, inside of 6 weeks cleared them all out. Killed them by the score every night. Guess the rest were scared away. I'll never be with out RAT SNAP." Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Sons, J. Sudranski & Co. R. P. Mullins.

ECZEMA! Money back without question if HUNT'S Salve fails to cure treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Try a 75 cent box at our risk. Sold By The Owl Drug Store

Can You Borrow

Money now as easily as in the past?

IF NOT

Call on us. We will advance what

MONEY

You need for the time you need. We loan on live stock, pianos, household goods. No indorsement asked. Legal rate.

Indiana Loan Co.

Room 3 Donner Block. In Office Thursday. 17 1/2 E. Washington St.

How to Cook Asparagus

This Toothsome Vegetable Can Be on Table Every Day Without Wearying Family

Much has been written and said about the health-giving qualities of asparagus. Taking all these qualities for granted, here are some interesting ways of cooking this vegetable so that it may be served many times without palling on the most exacting and fastidious appetite:

Baked With Cheese

Drain boiled asparagus and arrange the stalks neatly on a buttered baking dish. Fry a chopped onion in butter and pour this over the asparagus. Sprinkle over it bread crumbs and grated cheese, and bake brown. The asparagus can be cut into one-inch lengths for this dish.

Fried Asparagus

Boil the asparagus, drain it, dip each stalk in beaten egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve with cream sauce.

Creamed

Cut a bunch or two of asparagus into one-inch lengths and boil until tender. Drain and put into rich, white sauce, rather thick, for the asparagus contains water that thins it; heat thoroughly, season with salt and paprika and serve very hot.

In Rolls

Remove the center from stale, rather long, pointed rolls, and fry the rolls golden brown in deep fat. Drain on brown paper and keep hot. Cut a bunch of asparagus, in the meantime, into one-inch lengths and boil until tender. Drain and put in a double-boiler with a cupful of milk. Add the yolks of five eggs and stir until thick and smooth. Season with salt and a little grated nutmeg, and pour into the hot rolls. White sauce may be used instead of the egg sauce if desired.

Baked Asparagus

Cut asparagus into inch lengths and boil. Drain and put a layer in a buttered cooking dish. Season with salt and pepper, dot with bits of butter, sprinkle with crumbs and line minced boiled eggs. Add more asparagus, and repeat in the order mentioned until the dish is filled. Have crumbs on top and bake brown.

Served Cold

Take a few bunches of asparagus and drain them. Chill them and serve them with mayonnaise, with Hollandaise or with tartar sauce. It can also be served with a sauce of oil and vinegar, sprinkled with chopped cucumber pickle.

Boiled

Boiled asparagus can be served with melted butter, pepper and salt, either on toast or without it; with drawn butter or white sauce, with a little hot cream poured over it, or with melted butter and lemon juice.

Asparagus and Eggs

Cut a bunch of asparagus into lengths of an inch or two and boil in salted water. Drain and put in a dish. Add butter, melted, and pepper, and then four well-beaten eggs. Cook in the oven until the eggs are set. Serve immediately, but before sending to the table garnish with minced parsley.

Asparagus in a Mold

Mix a cupful of white sauce with a quarter of a cupful of chopped chicken or veal and a cupful of asparagus tips, boiled until tender and drained. Add four eggs, beaten well, and pour into a mold. Place the mold in a panful of hot water and cook in the oven until firm. Then turn out on a hot platter or dish and serve.

To Preserve Silk

Silk would frequently wear longer, in dresses and other garments, if it were differently cared for when not in use. More than any other fabric it has the faculty of growing thin in spots where it is most often folded or pressed, and this fact accounts for mysterious holes that appear when least expected.

A petticoat or dress of it should always be hung. It is the greatest mistake to lay away any such garment in a drawer, even though it may have plenty of room there, and no weight on top. The creases which it naturally takes cause the material to weaken and when there comes the pressure of wearing the fabric will go before its time.

A handsome silk petticoat or dress which is not worn often should not only be hung on two hooks, spreading the garment at the waist, but at least once a week it should be taken down, gently shaken, and again hung, when it will fall into slightly different folds. All dampness should be kept from it, for silk rots from its effect.

A Tasty Dish

When the usual fried, boiled and scrambled eggs have become tiresome, try this for a simple breakfast or luncheon dish. It is easy to make, pleasing to both eye and taste. Put a small piece of butter on a little earthenware ramekin; allow it to melt, then add the crumbs from a slice of either fresh or stale bread well moistened with a couple of tablespoonfuls of milk and either one or two eggs slightly beaten. Stir all the ingredients for a moment, then sprinkle over the top from one to two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese; season well and cook either on top of the stove or in a slow oven. As soon as the mixture begins to puff up and slightly brown, remove from the fire and serve in the ramekin at once. The ramekins either with or without lids can be purchased for a reasonable sum, and will be found most convenient for individual dishes of this description.

VAUDEVILLE STUNTS IN MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENTS.

Talented Nomads Find Willing Patrons in Circuits That Know No Greedy Trusts.

Julian, Cal.—Little mountain settlements in this region have their vaudeville circuits and they are as important to the people and afford them as much pleasure as Keith's or the Orpheum afford pleasure seeker of the large cities.

The players are generally Mexicans. They travel by wagon or burro, coming up from Lower California, swinging across the mining region and turning south again into the peninsula.

A handbill pinned to the door of the postoffice or store is the only program. It announces, in Spanish, that a company of artists, unsurpassed for excellence, will be honored to entertain the people at greatly reduced prices—15 cents for children and 25 cents for adults, whereas in large cities, like Escondido, the company wouldn't attempt to do the same thing for less than a dollar admission.

Sometimes the performance is acrobatic; sometimes it is a concert with accordion and guitar, to be followed with a dance; again it may be an old-fashioned Punch and Judy show, or a roving comedy, the actors speaking their lines in Spanish, which, by the way, makes no difference to the border folks, all of whom understand that tongue.

In addition to the handbill, a crier goes through the vicinity, announcing from house to house the merits of the performers and urging everybody not to miss this last and only chance to see and hear so rare a collection of stars, who, meanwhile, are preparing their evening meal beside the road and making their beds under a tree.

The play is staged wherever shelter can be found—in schoolhouse or some large barn, or more likely in the dance hall, for nearly every settlement has such a place. The settings are easily procured. A plank across the tops of two barrels may serve either as a terrible abyss or a shaded sylvan walk.

The following morning the all-star troupe rolls out of its separate and individual blankets, cooks breakfast in the open, jumps astride burros or tumbles into a wagon and makes for the next night stand.

TRAMP'S MEAL BRINGS

\$10,000 TO DONOR.

Woman Leaves to Claim Handsome Legacy Left Her By Man She Befriended.

Atlanta, Ga.—Mrs. James Maner, living near Gilmore, on the Marietta car line, is planning a trip to Miami, Fla., to inspect a legacy valued at \$10,000, left her by a tramp.

This does not lend itself readily to the fancy, but this time fancy will have to brace up and take it like a man. Truth may be more of a stranger and all that, but the legacy is there, and traveling expenses for Mrs. Maner to go down and view it—\$50 in the hand, with a lot of legal assurance.

"Eight years ago," she said, "a man came limping into our front yard. He looked like a tramp, and then again he didn't look like a tramp—I mean his clothing was ragged and worn, and he was limping from an injury to his foot, and yet he didn't have the manners of a tramp, if you could call them manners.

"The man was penitential, he said, and in trouble. I felt sorry for him. I took him in and gave him some dinner, and then 10 cents to pay his way to Atlanta on the trolley line. He seemed very appreciative, and insisted on taking my name and address down in a little book."

It seems that the tramp did not lose the little book. And after eight years back came the bread from out the waters, only it was multiplied to a fold entirely out of step with scriptural precedent.

Mrs. Maner paid no attention to the first information that the legacy had been left her. It required an urgent appeal from a Miami lawyer and the proffer of traveling expenses to make her realize that an estate consisting of several houses and some land had really come her way at the expense of a dime, a good dinner—and a bit of the milk of human kindness.

FUNNY STORY RESTORES VOICE

Former Speechless Man Found Repeating It in Sleep.

Trenton, N. J.—Laughter provoked by a funny story has resulted in restoration of the voice of Charles Katerza of Allentown, who had been speechless for two years. About four years ago Katerza lost his sight and hearing temporarily in an accident in an iron foundry. These functions were restored by medical treatment, but when he recovered he was without power of speech.

He was undergoing treatment in Mercy hospital here. A fellow patient told him a funny story and Katerza indulged in unusually hearty and prolonged laughter. During the night he dreamed of the yarn, and his nurse found him repeating the story in his sleep. Since then Katerza's speech has been normal, and he and his physicians believe it to be permanently restored.

Nine times out of a possible ten it costs the man who is elected to office a lot of money to convince his opponent that he was the people's choice.

COOPERATION IN DISTRICT SCHOOL

Girls Learn Boys to Sew and Boys Instruct Girls in Garden Work—Proud of Teacher.

Macon, Ga.—Over at La Porte, Macon county, is a district school operated like a partnership concern. The teacher and members of the board are the directors, and the students are "stockholders." Miss Goldye Ready is the teacher. She draws \$60 a month, the top salary paid district school teachers in Macon county, and has proven herself worth every cent of it and more.

On taking employment as teacher of the La Porte school Miss Ready laid down the principle, which the board heartily approved: "There are to be no bosses; all of us are to form an active working company for the purpose of education." That meant the student was to be a factor in the up-building of the school as well as the board and the teachers; each was to be held individually responsible to do his or her part in the adding of features, of preserving order and of aiding in instruction. It was to be just like a good, big family, all earnestly bent on reaching a given point.

Now there is a sewing machine and the girls aid the boys in learning how to sew on buttons and mend rents in clothing. The boys help the girls in manual training and in garden work. Of course Miss Ready is the active supervisor and directing head of it all, but her method is to implant in every pupil a strong sense of individual responsibility and a personal pride in making La Porte the banner district school of the county.

The students and board members look to this partnership school idea enthusiastically. If Miss Ready took a notion she needed anything to add to the attractiveness of the school, or to aid in the work, there were a dozen persons eager to get it for her. An organ, sewing machine, sewing tables and chairs, paper for the walls, cement walk and porch, grading of the yard—all were willingly and generously provided by the patrons of the school.

Miss Ready has among her older students what she calls an "advisory board." On certain days in the week she meets this "board" of eager young folks and they discuss ideas calculated to advance the work along practical lines. Several school journals, newspapers and farm magazines are taken and read by the pupils, and things which have been found advantageous in other sections of the country are considered with reference to their adoption by La Porte. The members of the board are proud of everything connected with the school, but are particularly so as regards their competent and enterprising teacher.

The La Porte co-operative school is equipped with a good furnace, ventilation and has a good light system for night entertainments. This is one of the interesting features. They not only have weekly debates, musical and literary entertainments, but the fame of the school has traveled so far afield that whenever Miss Ready desires she can get the attendance of amateur actors from the normal schools to present short comedies and dramas.

The school is practically a community center for all sorts of meetings, but its main success and development lies in the establishment of the co-operative principle, by which each unit is a working factor beyond the mere learning of lessons and the keeping of deportment.

"Our idea is based something on the action of the American soldier," explained Miss Ready. "While thoroughly obedient to discipline, he is of greater capacity than just a machine. He has an individual interest in the outcome of the battle. By right of this he takes a personal pride when he wins, just as he feels a personal disappointment when the result goes against him. It is the soldier principle applied to the schoolroom—and it works!"

SKYSCRAPER JAIL A MODEL

Baths, Washed Air and "Box Stalls" Provided for Prisoners in 10-Story Building.

Dallas, Tex.—Dallas' recently completed skyscraper jail is declared by prison experts to be one of the finest in the country, embodying the latest ideas of construction for the humane treatment of prisoners and the most highly approved equipment to insure sanitary surroundings at all times.

This new building is 10 stories high and houses the criminal court as well as serving as a jail for Dallas county. Tub and shower baths are everywhere in the building and absolute cleanliness will be demanded of the prisoners. Pure washed and cooled air is supplied to every corner through tubes. The halls and corridors are artistically finished and steel cages are found only adjoining the sheriff's office on the first floor. The tenth floor has been fitted up as a kitchen.

One of the most commendable departures in the new jail is the method of punishing prisoners. The "water cure" will be used in most instances, but unusually rebellious prisoners will be confined in the "box stall," which is substituted for the "black hole" in which they formerly languished in total darkness. The box stall is so arranged that the occupant cannot lie down and there is no place to sit, but it is flooded with light.

A novel usually ends with the marriage of the hero and heroine, just as if that was their finish.

She Knew Baseball

"Since I have become a baseball fan," said the girl who likes to talk, "I know what it means truly to live."

"I can't help it if I am old-fashioned," she went on. "I always romp in on a style several years after it is an accomplished fact. Years ago when it was the style to be crazy about baseball, I had to retire to the background and pretend baseball was beneath me. Secretly I read everything about baseball that I could get hold of, and asked every man I knew to explain the game to me, but somehow I couldn't comprehend it. I could make an interesting book out of the baseball explanations I got, ranging from that of my small cousin Jim up to that of a bank president."

"As I remember it, Jimmy's remarks were so tinged with disgust at the idea that a human being could exist who was not saturated with the fine points of the game that the explanatory part was pale in comparison."

"Gee!" said Jimmy. "Don't you know baseball? Gee, but you're slow! Why, the fellows on bases are always trying to skin the pitcher alive, and the pitcher he's trying to fool the batter, and the batter he's trying to fool the pitcher, and the pitcher he's trying to fool the batter, and the batter he's trying to fool the pitcher—don't you know what a bun is? Gee, you're slow!"

"There was a college professor who did his best, but I couldn't tell whether he was explaining a baseball game or he was explaining a problem in Euclid. He enjoyed himself very much, however, and told me that it was a pleasure to explain anything to a girl who had such wonderful comprehension—so I really couldn't count that episode wasted."

"The bank president complicated things. 'My dear young woman,' he said fervently, stroking his moustache, 'why burden your head with coarse, masculine affairs? You'd look

so much nicer pouring tea or—er—sewing something, you know, or playing the piano! Why do you insist on spoiling it all?"

"It took me several years to decide that the bank president himself didn't understand the game, and he was being diplomatic instead of complimentary."

"Still I struggled on. I always said, 'Oh, yes! I date on baseball! If I was asked to go to a game. And I had horrible escapes. There was the awfully nice man visiting here from New York. He was the man I eloped last day asking why the ball player quit playing after he had run all around the field and kicked the thing they called the home plate. I said I supposed he was mad or something—because they yelled at him so. And I was temporarily estranged from the best dancer in our set because I said I should think the man with the hat would hit the ball instead of whiffing around in that silly way, and it was just as well that the leader evidently called him back to the bench."

"I do think it's true about virtue being rewarded, because sometime ago all the mixed up kaleidoscopic baseball hits in my brain suddenly and without warning fell into a clear and beautiful pattern, and to my hysterical delight I realized that at last I knew what the men out on the diamond were trying to do."

"The man who at present insists on hanging around where I am seceded and jeered when I confided to him my achievement. He said I might be an excellent bluffer, but never, never, did I really know what it was all about! Hadn't he sat and writhed at games while I disgraced him before all those surrounding us by my imbecile questions? Didn't he know? However, if he could get off the next afternoon he'd take me to the game."

"Well, I passed the whole morning downtown hunting a particular parrot that I'd had in mind for weeks," continued the girl who likes to talk, "and I walked sixteen miles and finally found one, and I carried it delightedly to the game as a cherished possession. In the eighth inning the bats-

ers miffed the ball and fell all over themselves, and the three men on bases raced home in a bunch during the excitement when nobody was noticing."

"When I came to I was on my feet pounding on the floor with my new parrot and yelling like an Indian. I had smashed the handle of the parrot! I did not realize what I was doing till my escort dragged me down into my seat and apologetic soothing words and showed me the wreck in my hand."

"Yes," he admitted, as he regarded the smashed parrot, "I think you qualify! But who would ever have thought it?"

"I think," concluded the girl who likes to talk, "that it's worth the price of a parrot to be able to realize that one understands baseball. I'm so proud over my knowledge of the game as I would be if I'd been left \$1,000,000."

What Landed Him There.

"My good man, what are you in prison for?"

"My convictions."

"Your convictions?"

"Yes, mum. If the jury had acquitted me I wouldn't be here."

Most people would rather blame a man for what he doesn't do than give him credit for what he does.

Sylvia.

How beautiful Sylvia looked that morning! The clear Virginia sunlight played upon her, and her brown hair seemed almost golden. Her great gray eyes, twin stars, looked straight into mine, and I wondered what thoughts they hid. Nearer and nearer I drew to Sylvia, and I could feel her breath, sweet as a clover field in June, on my warm brow. We were alone on a warm brow. We were alone on a warm brow. We were alone on a warm brow.

A harsh voice rang out. "You want to be cheerful of that there Sylvia," it said, "cause she kicks wus than any cow I ever milked."

"How I saved a policeman's life"



EVEN THE eggs.
WERE TIRED that morning.
AND THE coffee.
DIDN'T FOOL me one bit.
BUT WHEN after breakfast.
MY CIGARETTE tasted awful.
IT WAS too much.
AND A grouch started.
AND WALKING to work.
I SWORE off smoking.
AND DECIDED to fire.
MY OFFICE boy.
BUT JUST before I decided.
TO KILL a policeman.
A MAN passed me.
SMOKING A cigarette.
AND SAY but the smoke.
THAT DRIFTED back.
DID SMELL good.
AND I followed him.
INTO A store.
HE THREW down two dimes.
AND SAID, "The same."
AND SO did I.
AND SO I'm still smoking.
AND STILL keep that.
OFFICE BOY and I let that.
HANDSOME POLICEMAN live.
AND I'M going to boost.
THAT MAN I followed.
FOR PRESIDENT or something.
FOR REALLY those cigarettes,
DO SATISFY.



JUST a whiff of that spicy aroma of fine Turkish and Domestic tobacco will make you hungry for this "satisfy" smoke. There are blends and blends, but none like this one. Chesterfield's blend is a secret and it cannot be copied.

They Satisfy **Chesterfield** CIGARETTES

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.